



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

O! sweet are the strains which we raise  
when we know,  
There's an echo in every warm heart that  
is here,  
That each eye with congenial emotion  
shall glow,  
Give a smile to the gay, to the plaintive a  
tear.

Edinburg.

DION.

SELECTED POETRY.

AUBERT; OR, THE PEASANT OF THE  
MARNE.

REPLANT the vine ! alas ! whose hands  
Shall plant again these wretched lands ?  
Replant the vine ! alas ! no more,  
Youths, that have till'd these fields before,  
Shall rouse them from the sanguine plain,  
Or plant the banks of Marne again !

Forth from the east let morning break—  
Shall Aubert's sons to toil awake ?  
O'er the brown meads let noonbeam a  
burn—

Shall Aubert's sons from toil return ;  
And seek refreshing shades to share  
The cool repast—their mother's care ?

Let the calm eve invite repose—  
Shall Aubert's sons their labours close ;  
To the gay pipe amid the grove,  
Tread the light dance and speak of love ;  
Or, listening to a father's fears,  
Learn all th' experience of his years ?  
No !—morn, noon, eve, in Aubert's day,  
In grief, deep grief, must pass away ;  
For Aubert's sons, his hope, his pride,  
On Marne's green banks in battle died !

Shall vines again luxuriant spread,  
For Aubert, where his children bled ?  
Shall the bright purple clusters glow,  
In mock'ry of a father's woe—  
As though his children's blood they drank,  
In revelry, on Marne's green bank ?

Ah, no ! congenial with our fate—  
Banks of the Marne, lie desolate !  
Or if the vine beside thy flood,  
Rise from our hapless children's blood,  
O, may its earliest foliage wave  
Over each wretched parent's grave !

Aubert, in youth, had felt the flame,  
That, kindling at his country's name,  
Spread animation through the land,  
The foes of freedom to withstand.  
He, when th' invader's vaunts were heard,  
First in his country's ranks appeared ;—  
And, "France," he cried, "I'll die for thee,  
Be thou triumphant and be free !"

—The patriot, with such heart and hand,  
Can always victory command.—  
He fought—it was for freedom's laws—  
He bled—'twas in his country's cause—  
He triumph'd—and his ardent mind,  
Thought it the triumph of mankind.  
But, ah ! when Aubert wou'd have cried,  
(Glowing with independent pride)

"France, lovely liberty is thine—  
Freemen ! in peace replant the vine !  
Our rights are gain'd—our tumults cease—  
Freemen ! replant your vines in peace !"  
When thus he would have cried, he saw  
A warrior-despot scorn the law ;  
Mount with false greatness to the throne,  
And strive to make the world his own !

Aubert, with indignation fired,  
Mournful to Marne's green banks retired,  
There, as he reared his sons and taught  
That liberty for which he'd fought,  
He saw their spirits rise elate,  
The rights of man to vindicate !

Meantime, against the despot's claim,  
The injured nations, vengeful, came !  
O, France ! thy hamlets sink in fire—  
Loud shriek the matron and the sire !  
How loud—how sad—mid shouts, arise  
O, France ! thy lovely daughters' cries !

Then to the despot's martial ranks,  
Were call'd the swains of Marne's green  
banks :  
And Aubert saw his sons advance,  
Though not for freedom—yet for France !  
They fought—and Aubert mourns their  
fate !

Banks of the Marne, lie desolate !  
Or if the vine beside thy flood,  
Rise rooted in his children's blood,  
Its sanguine clusters soon shall waye,  
Dreadfully sad, o'er Aubert's grave !

T. NEALE.

Liverpool Mercury.